

## **the ideal boyfriend by homosexualbyers**

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**Characters:** Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Will Byers tries to create the ideal boyfriend, he has to make at least something make sense.

## the ideal boyfriend

### Author's Note:

heres a short fic that i wrote up at a uni applicants day! we were given prompts and an hour to write whatever we wanted based off one of them and of course my mind drifted straight to mike and will.

Will gripped his pencil tight like his life depended on it, like it was the only thing holding him on earth. In ways it did. Drawing was the only way he could ground his thoughts, putting them onto the page in a way he could understand and if he wanted he could create something completely imaginary that he could only dream of being real. That's what he was doing now. Imagining. He had to get this sick fantasy out of his head. They would never be together, they couldn't. So he had to stop dwelling on this, create something new, an ideal fantasy boyfriend.

Will finished outlining of the body. He was tall, thin, a perfect circular face. He thought interests was a good place to start. Music. Music is as much a comfort as drawing is to Will. His boy had to like all the greats, Elvis, The Clash, Bowie. He quickly sketched a Bowie outline on the front of the boy's T-Shirt, the iconic lighting bolt makeup. The skinny jeans should be ripped, that kind of coolness was needed. He moved onto the face, drew a curve of a nose and dotted freckles around it, then adding soft brown hair, the kind he'd like to tangle his hands in for hours and hours. The finishing touch was a warm smile. His ideal boy had to be open, caring, his smile should invite him to tell any secrets he wanted, knowing they would be understood.

Will sat back and studied the drawing. It did make him happy. He could perfectly imagine a life with this boy. Then he noticed something. The freckles, the soft brown hair. It was too damn familiar! He screwed up the paper and tore in half and threw in the

bin with a scream at the four walls of his bedroom. He'd drawn Mike. The exact boy he was trying to forget. He was in too fucking deep.

**Author's Note:**

thanks for reading. kudos are greatly appreciated and so are any constructive criticism or positivity!